

# HYMN TO VENUS

*An Anthology in Miniature*  
*of POEMS by*  
**ROBERT HERRICK**



LUTE, LYRE AND LOTUS  
MINITHOLOGIES

1

HYMN TO VENUS



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**ROBERT HERRICK**

*Decorations by William Littlewood*



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## HYMN TO VENUS



### A SHORT HYMN TO VENUS

**G**ODDESSE, I do love a Girle  
Rubie-lipt, and tooth'd with Pearl:  
If so be, I may but prove  
Luckie in this Maide I love:  
I will promise there shall be  
Mirtles offer'd up to thee.



## HYMN TO VENUS

### A MEDITATION FOR HIS MISTRESS

**Y**OU are a tulip seen to-day,  
But, dearest, of so short a stay  
That where you grew scarce men can say.

You are a lovely July-flower,  
Yet one rude wind or ruffling shower  
Will force you hence, and in an hour.

You are a sparkling rose i' th' bud,  
Yet lost ere that chaste flesh and blood  
Can show where you grew or stood.

You are a full-spread, fair-set vine,  
And can with tendrils love entwine,  
Yet dried ere you distil your wine.

You are like a balm enclosed well  
In amber or some crystal shell,  
Yet lost ere you transfuse your smell.

You are a dainty violet,  
Yet wither'd ere you can be set  
Within the virgin's coronet.

You are the queen all flowers among;  
But die you must, fair maid, ere long.  
As he, the maker of this song.



## HYMN TO VENUS

### THE SADNESS OF THINGS FOR SAPPHO'S SICKNESS

LILIES will languish; violets look ill;  
Sickly the primrose; pale the daffodil;  
That gallant tulip will hang down his head,  
Like to a virgin newly ravished;  
Pansies will weep, and marigolds will wither,  
And keep a fast and funeral together;  
If Sappho droop, daisies will open never,  
But bid good-night, and close their lids for ever.

### THE WAKE

COME, Anthea, let us two  
Go to Feast, as others do.  
Tarts and Custards, Creams and Cakes,  
Are the Junkets still at Wakes:  
Unto which the Tribes resort,  
Where the business is the sport:  
Morris-dancers thou shalt see,  
Marian too in Pagentrie:  
And a Mimick to devise  
Many grinning properties.  
Players there will be and those  
Base in action as in clothes:  
Yet with strutting they will please  
The insurious Villages.  
Near the dying of the day,  
There will be a Cudgell-Play  
Where a Coxcomb will be broke,  
Ere a good word can be spoke:  
But the anger ends all here,  
Drencht in Ale, or drown'd in Beere.  
Happy Rustics, best content  
With the cheapest Merriment:  
And possesse no other feare,  
Then to want the Wake next Year.

HYMN TO VENUS



*The Wake*

## HYMN TO VENUS

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HYMN TO VENUS



*The Wake*

## THE NIGHT-PIECE, TO JULIA

**H**ER eyes the glow-worm lend thee,  
 The shooting stars attend thee;  
 And the elves also,  
 Whose little eyes glow  
 Like the sparks of fire, befriend thee.  
 No Will-o'-th'-Wisp mislight thee,  
 Nor snake or slow-worm bite thee;  
 But on, on thy way  
 Not making a stay,  
 Since ghost there's none to affright thee.  
 Let not the dark thee cumber:  
 What though the moon does slumber?  
 The stars of the night  
 Will lend thee their light  
 Like tapers clear without number.  
 Then, Julia, let me woo thee,  
 Thus, thus to come unto me;  
 And when I shall meet  
 Thy silv'ry feet  
 My soul I'll pour into thee.

## DELIGHT IN DISORDER

**A** SWEET disorder in the dress  
 Kindles in clothes a wantonness:  
 A lawn about the shoulders thrown  
 Into a fine distraction:  
 An erring lace which here and there  
 Enthralls the crimson stomacher:  
 A cuff neglectful, and thereby  
 Ribbons to flow confusedly  
 A winning wave, deserving note,  
 In the tempestuous petticoat:  
 A careless shoe-string, in whose tie  
 I see a wild civility:  
 Do more bewitch me than when art  
 Is too precise in every part.



CHERRIE-RIPE

**C**HERRY-RIPE, Ripe, Ripe, I cry,  
 Full and fair ones; come and buy:  
 If so be, you ask me where  
 They do grow? I answer, There,  
 Where my Julia's lips doe smile;  
 There's the Land, or Cherry-Ile:  
 Whose Plantations fully show  
 All the yeere, where Cherries grow.

HYMN TO VENUS

TO ANATHEA, WHO MAY COMMAND  
HIM ANYTHING

*BID me to live, and I will live  
Thy Protestant to be,  
Or bid me love, and I will give  
A loving heart to thee.*

*A heart as soft, a heart as kind,  
A heart as sound and free  
As in the whole world thou canst find,  
That heart I'll give to thee.*

*Bid that heart stay, and it will stay  
To honour thy decree:  
Or bid it languish quite away,  
And 't shall do so for thee.*

*Bid me to weep, and I will weep  
While I have eyes to see:  
And, having none, yet I will keep  
A heart to weep for thee.*

*Thou art my life, my love, my heart,  
The very eyes of me:  
And hast command of every part  
To live and die for thee.*







## Upon Electra

When out of bed my Love doth spring,  
'Tis but as day a-kindling :  
But when she's up and fully drest,  
'Tis then broad Day throughout the East.



## HIS TEARS TO THAMESIS

I SEND, I send here my supremest kiss  
To thee, my silver-footed Thamesis.  
No more shall I reiterate thy Strand,  
Whereon so many stately structures stand:  
Nor in the summer's sweeter evenings go  
To bathe in thee, as thousand others do;  
No more shall I along thy crystal glide  
In barge with boughs and rushes beautifi'd,  
With soft-smooth virgins for our chaste disport,  
To Richmond, Kingston, and to Hampton Court.  
Never again shall I with finny oar  
Put from, or draw unto the faithful shore:  
And, landing here, or safely landing there,  
Make way to my beloved Westminster,  
Or to the golden Cheapside, where the earth  
Of Julia Herrick gave to me my birth.  
May all clean nymphs and curious water-dames  
With swan-like state float up and down thy streamis:  
No drought upon thy wanton waters fall  
To make them lean and languishing at all.  
No ruffling winds come hither to disease  
Thy pure and silver-wristed Naiades.  
Keep up your state, ye streams; and as ye spring,  
Never make sick your banks by surfeiting.  
Grow young with tides, and though I see ye never,  
Receive this vow, so fare ye well for ever.





THE BELLMAN

FROM noise of Scare-fires rest ye free,  
From Murders *Benedictie*.  
From all mischances, that may fright  
Your pleasing slumbers in the night:  
Mercie secure ye all, and keep  
The Goblins from ye, while ye sleep.  
Past one aclock, and almost two,  
My Masters all, *Good day to you*.

HYMN TO VENUS

TO THE VIRGINS,  
TO MAKE MUCH OF TIME

**G**ATHER ye rosebuds while ye may,  
Old time is still a-flying:  
And this same flower that smiles to-day  
Tomorrow will be dying.

The glorious lamp of heaven, the sun,  
The higher he's a-getting,  
The sooner will his race be run,  
And nearer he's to setting.

That age is best which is the first,  
When youth and blood are warmer;  
But being spent, the worse, and worst,  
Times still succeed the former.

Then be not coy, but use your time,  
And while ye may go marry  
For having lost but once your prime  
You may for ever tarry.

TO THE ROSE. A SONG

**G**O, happy rose, and interweave  
With other flowers, bind my love.  
Tell her, too, she must not be  
Longer flowing, longer free,  
That so oft has fetter'd me.

Say, if she's fretful, I have bands  
Of pearl and gold to bind her hands.  
Tell her, if she struggle still,  
I have myrtle rods (at will)  
For to tame, though not to kill.

Take thou my blessing, thus, and go  
And tell her this, but do not so,  
Lest a handsome anger fly,  
Like a lightning, from her eye,  
And burn thee up as well as I.



## Upon Parson Beanes

*Old Parson Beanes hunts six days of the week,  
And on the seaventh, he has his notes to seek  
Six days he hollows so much breath away,  
That on the seaventh, he can nor preach or pray.*





CORINNA'S GOING A-MAYING

**G**ET up, get up for shame, the blooming morn  
 Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.  
 See how Aurora throws her fair  
 Fresh-quilted colours through the air:  
 Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see  
 The dew bespangling herb and tree.  
 Each flower has wept and bow'd toward the east  
 Above an hour since: yet you not dress'd;  
 Nay, not so much as out of bed?  
 When all the birds have matins said  
 And sung their thankful hymns, 'tis sin,  
 Nay, profanation to keep in,  
 Whereas a thousand virgins on this day  
 Spring, sooner than the lark, to fetch in May.

Rise and put on your foliage, and be seen  
 To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh and green,  
 And sweet as Flora. Take no care  
 For jewels for your gown or hair:  
 Fear not; the leaves will strew  
 Gems in abundance upon you:  
 Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,  
 Against you come, some orient pearls unwept;  
 Come and receive them while the light  
 Hangs on the dew-locks of the night:  
 And Titan on the eastern hill  
 Retires himself, or else stands still  
 Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying:  
 Few beads are best when once we go a-Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come; and, coming, mark  
 How each field turns a street, each street a park  
 Made green and trimm'd with trees: see how  
 Devotion gives each house a bough  
 Or branch; each porch, each door ere this  
 An ark, a tabernacle is,  
 Made up of white-thorn neatly interwove;  
 As if here were those cooler shades of love.  
 Can such delights be in the street  
 And open fields and we not see't?  
 Come, we'll abroad; and let's obey  
 The proclamation made for May:  
 And sin no more, as we have done, by staying;  
 But, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.



There's not a budding boy or girl this day  
 But is got up, and gone to bring in May.  
     A deal of youth, ere this, is come  
     Back, and with white-thorn laden home.  
     Some have despatch'd their cakes and cream  
     Before that we have left to dream:  
 And some have wept, and woo'd, and plighted troth,  
 And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth:  
     Many a green-gown has been given;  
     Many a kiss, both odd and even:  
     Many a glance, too, has been sent  
     From out the eye, love's firmament;  
 Many a jest told of the keys betraying  
 This night, and locks pick'd, yet we're not a-Maying.



Come, let us go while we are in our prime;  
 And take the harmless folly of the time.  
     We shall grow old apace, and die  
     Before we know our liberty.  
     Our life is short, and our days run  
     As fast away as does the sun;  
 And, as a vapour or a drop of rain,  
 Once lost, can ne'er be found again,  
     So when or you or I are made  
     A fable, song, or fleeting shade,  
     All love, all liking, all delight  
     Lies drowned with us in endless night.  
 Then while time serves, and we are but decaying,  
 Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.



HYMN TO VENUS



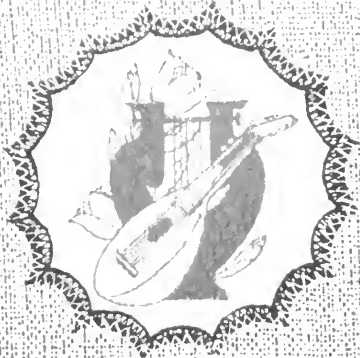
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